

[Original.]

**By the River.**

Through the river and through the rifts,  
Of the sun-drenched earth I gaze,  
While Thought on dreamy pinions drifts  
Over cerulean bays,  
Into the deep ethereal sea,  
Of her own serene eternity.

Transfigured by my tranced eye  
Wood and meadow, and stream and sky,  
Like vistas of a vision lie:  
The World is the River that flickers by.

Its ebbies are the blue arched centuries,  
And its forms are the transient images  
Flung on the flowing film of Time,  
By the steadfast shores of a fadeless clime.

As yonder wave-side willows grow,  
Substance above and shadow below,  
The golden slopes of that upper sphere,  
Hang their imperfect landscapes here.

Fast by the Tree of Life which shoots  
Duplicate forms from the self-same roots,  
Under the fringes of Paradise,  
The crystal brim of the River lies.

There are banks of Peace whose lilies pur-  
Point on the wave their portraiture  
And Mary a holy influence,  
That climbs to God like the breath of prayer,  
Creeps quivering into the glass of sense  
To bless the immortals mirrored there.

Though realms of Poesy whose white cliffs  
Cloud its depths with their hieroglyphs  
Alpine fantasies heaped and wrought  
At will by the frolicsome winds of thought,—  
By *mountains of Beauty*, whose colors pass  
Faintly into the misty glass,—  
By hills of Truth, whose glories show  
Distorted, broken and dimmed as we know,—  
Kissed by the tremulous long green tress  
Of the glistening tree of happiness,  
Which ever o'er aching grasped eludes  
With several intrusive similitudes,  
All pictured over in shade and gleam,  
For ever and ever runs the stream.

The orb that burns in rifts of space,  
Is the adumbration of God's Face.  
My soul leans over the murrain flow,  
And I am the image it sees below.

**PLEASANT BEDFELLOWS.**—The diary of a prisoner of war in Western Dixie contains the following suggestive incident: "Becoming drowsy I borrowed a blanket, went into the depot, and finding a vacant place between two prostrate forms, dropped down to rest, and was soon in forgetfulness. I have no knowledge of how long I slept, but getting cold I partially awoke, and hunching my right hand partner requested him to roll over and 'spoon.'—He made no reply, and giving him a tremendous thump, I again besought him to 'spoon,' but it was no go. Turning on my other side, I shook my other bedfellow and made the same request. He too paid no heed to my desire. Exasperated at what I considered his unaccommodating spirit, I determined to bring matters to a crisis. Drawing up my left leg I gave him most an unmerciful kick, but he was as immovable as the rock of ages. I was now thoroughly awake. Jumping up I turned down the blanket, first on one and then on the other, and by the dim fire-light beheld on either hand a corpse! My nap was finished. In the morning I learned that they were rebel dead brought down to Murfreesboro for burial at Chattanooga."

**MODE OF PAROLING PRISONERS.**—The *Herald* correspondent at Frederick, Md., mentions an amusing incident in his letter. On the arrival of the rebels at Hagerstown, a lieutenant and five men, wearing the federal uniform, crept out of the house where they had been hiding, and gave themselves up to be paroled.—They told General Jenkins that they did not wish to fight any longer against their Southern brethren. The reply of the General must have greatly astonished the cowardly traitors. He indignantly rejected their claim of brotherhood; told them that if he had a twenty-fifth cousin as white livered as they were he would kill him and set him up in his barnyard to make sheep own their lambs, and concluded by detailing six "good lusty fellows, with thick boots," to "parole" the recreant federals by vigorously kicking them out of the camp to the west border of the town. It is said that the rebel soldiers were highly tickled with the scene, and loudly expressed their approval of "Jenkins' mode of paroling cowards." The six miserable poltroons who were so energetically booted must have felt very differently. What an encouraging prospect for federal deserters.

What kinds of tracts do soldiers want most? Tracts for home and tracts of land.

Why has the French Empress Eugenie good cause for jealousy? Because it is known that the Emperor has recently visited Nance.

Why is the President supposed to have a bad eye sight? Because he is always a blinkin (Abe Linkin).

**How They go to Bed.**

The difference between a man and a woman in disposition finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when *en dishabille*. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a "horrible burglar," or a "desperate ruffian," in big whiskers and crispy black hair. Carefully, with delicate little fingers she lifts the bed valance, peeps into places where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half-emptied trunk, nor forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society." First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thralldom of pins and combs, and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little embroidered collar, and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls her under-sleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms by a couple of Indian rubber straps. Next, the "love of spring silk" dress is unfastened in front, partially revealing—never mind that just now.—Then sundry waist strings and buttoned straps are unloosed, and, lo! what a collapse. A collapse like that of Lowe's big balloon. She stands, like Saturn, in the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underfixens and overfixens, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of gaiters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs, of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee, down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic garter, and the thumb inserted at the top of the stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and—the cotton rests besides the prunella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of position.

There is a happy smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face now, as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers, ties the bewitching bow. Then the nightgown is thrown on, over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom and the fair shoulders in the linen folds. Don't you envy it, you wretched, miserable old bachelor—you snarling, growling old curmudgeon?

Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down very, very low, and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into world of dreams, in which the handsome moustache of her Adolphus and his vows of eternal love are prominent—the remainder of the picture being filled with ministers, bridesmaids, new dresses, drives in Central Park, and plenty of "gold galore," or "love in a cottage."

Now, in the room directly above her, is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in his way, pulls off his boots and throws them into the corner, jerks his "socks" from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor, and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly, with the tie, at, rather than on the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity—to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his noes, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is—asleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

Isn't there a difference in style?

A young copperhead, attending school in Boston, who interlarded into a National song which the children were singing, the words, "Jeff, Davis is our leader," was suddenly seized by the collar by Miss H., the teacher, and taken across her knee and the incipient treason spanked out of him. Miss H. is a spirited girl, and deserves some gallant soldier for a husband.

**Rural Life in Louisiana.**

I hear people, reputed to be sensible, sometimes say that they cannot endure a residence in the suburban towns by reason of the too great annoyances, mud in winter and mosquitoes in summer. Mud and mosquitoes in Massachusetts! They have no existence here. What *seems* mud is firm earth, and *our* mosquitoes are not to be reckoned such any more than Gulliver's Lilliputians are to be taken as representatives of the human race. At least, so I am impressed after a short trip on the trail of Weitzel's army, into a country district of Louisiana. Listen to what I say about it: The St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans is not, as now kept, a model lodging or eating house. Nevertheless the stranger can be made comfortable in it; and so I left with regret one sultry morning in March, for an excursion, prompted by business and promising to be agreeable from curiosity, to Thibodeaux and vicinity. I had read in Atlases, Gazetteers and Guide books that it was a "flourishing town." From broad hatted planters at the St. Charles, coming in from that region, I had heard of the wonderful trade and activity, in former days of that tract of country, and of the consequent wealth and happiness of its people. So I had expectations of being astonished, and was. I went up by railroad, and mule stage.—The railroad speed was nine miles an hour. It was slow, but interesting. Indeed, it is kind in directors or whoever else controls the speed to give the traveller so good a chance in his observations as such driving affords. The first thing that began to attract the eye was vast plantations of sugar cane. They stretched along the road for miles—upon some, the crop of the past season, ungathered, lay rotting, upon others uncounted *women*, men and boys were at work—some ploughing, some burning old cane and some hoeing. It was the first time my northern eyes ever saw women earnestly engaged in the hard labor of the field. It was an unpleasant sight when the novelty had passed, and so I took a seat on the other side of the car. There weltered and seethed in the hot sun a measureless expanse of swamp, gorgeous even in its hideous gloom and repulsiveness, with an endless variety of beautiful flowers. Tall trees, cane brakes, fallen timber, rank grass, water, alligators, snakes, lizards, turtles—an unending panorama of every variety of reptile life for fifty miles! I never before saw a *live* alligator. Barnum's are all made by a Connecticut shoemaker. But here they were stretching their hideous deformity in the water by the railroad track over which our train slowly rattled, apparently undisturbed though our many cars went within certainly eight feet of them.

Snakes, genuine "copperheads" and "mocassins" as malignant and poisonous as any known to Agassiz, lay in the same careless and indifferent moods on old sleepers, and stumps and logs within three feet of the track.

"Their tameness was shocking to me"

A snake is repulsive enough when he seeks to escape from human associations. But grown familiar and mingling with mankind—what can be added to that horror! Yet they didn't even look up, as our train of cars thundered along for miles and miles, making the quaking mud whereon they lay tremble like a jelly. The woods that surrounded and overhung this nest of unclean life were full of every variety of birds of brilliant hue, singing songs of unsurpassed melody, for the amusement, I suppose, of these savage and venomous tenants of the fen. What a waste of melody was here!

In company with quite a party from Massachusetts, I stopped at the Washington House, "the best hotel out of New Orleans, in Louisiana!" We ate there—we lodged there, we swore there, those of us who were so deficient in grace as not to withstand the provocation. Three of us, from Massachusetts, lodged in the best room. Two beds were in it. The room was air tight when we entered, boxed up, obviously, to keep out the dampness and other unwelcome visitants. Two windows were there, to be sure, but they were closed, and had tight shutters or blinds like a West India goods store in New England. Suffocating by reason of the heat and lack of air, one of us unfastened the shutters and threw open the window.—What an odor saluted us! What a spectacle we descried as we peered out into the darkness! The windows opened on a hog yard wherein six or eight lusty swine debated the jurisdiction with a large flock of hens and roosters and a few geese! The exhibition of our light at the window, and the sound of our voices precipitated a visit from these quadrupeds and domestic birds that came near enough to make a faithful reconnaissance of the manner in which we were bestowing ourselves for the night.

Meanwhile, the "shard borne beetle with his drowsy hums" and the mosqui-

toes paid us prolonged visits, and in great force. Each bed had stretched over it that necessity of southern life—a mosquito bar. But the mosquitoes, aided by those iron-clads, the beetles, carried these inadequate defences by direct assault early in the night, so that we were entirely powerless against them. In the streets, from every quarter of the village, close at hand and far away, dogs emancipated as the negroes are, by their masters having run away to the war, howled, quarreled, spit and barked, in every tone known to canine life, all through the dismal night. I noticed this circumstance wherever I went in Louisiana, that large flocks of dogs, without masters and without control, wander aimlessly in the streets and fields, and make night hideous by their quarrelsome-ness in excursions for food. The dogs excited the geese and they set up their characteristic cackle; and in fact the roosters themselves, put in their "shrill and high-sounding note," which was a proceeding, entirely out of character, as they are not intended to start out till daylight.

Under these circumstances we lodged in the best country hotel in Louisiana! The unhappy lodger shown in Hood's Own, in the picture called "country lodgings," was happily circumstanced as compared to us. The other appointments of this hotel were no better. Onions and grease were the chief elements that entered into the cooking. The dining room looked out from another wing of the caravansary upon the same hog yard. And this hotel is situated opposite the court house and jail, and formerly dined and lodged the judges and advocates. It was never any better than now. The best people, in these country districts, where Northern people scarcely ever entered, lived more, after all, like dogs and animals than human beings. They grew rich on negro's toil; they thus became lazy; laziness begat dirt; dirt vice, and so they went on from bad to worse, until, though rich, they were most despicable people.—Their houses, dress, furniture, carriages, manner of life, conversation, everything indicates their decay.

If the war had not come to put the finishing touch of desolation and destruction upon all existing things here, it would surely and speedily have resulted in some other way from their own conduct as they were enacting it. The war did not come a moment too soon. Its methods of dealing with institutions and people here are none too thorough. Its results will be to turn this country over for occupation, at least, if not ownership, to the black race. Whether the black man is needed, or not at the north, hunkers may, if they choose, continue to argue. But it is at least clear that God never intended the submerged acres of Louisiana to be occupied by white men. The black is their natural occupant. The end of the war will find these acres largely owned by northern men. They will be cultivated by blacks. The blacks will be paid for their toil. Larger crops will be raised than heretofore. The waste extravagance of the old system will be done away. These fruitful acres, in spite of the most wasteful management, yielded immense profits to the planter and the factor, as heretofore carried on. But northern brains will hereafter order this thing better. The factor, at New Orleans, in times past, running no risks and investing nothing, grew rich on his commissions. A northern owner will soon stop that leakage. And compensation, it is already seen, even under the order of Gen. Banks, greatly strengthens the negro's arm, and makes his labor far more productive.

At Thibodeaux no southern men under fifty years of age can be found. They have gone to the war. Women and old men alone are left behind. They are malignant and ugly towards northern soldiers. They are openly rebellious. Their faith and devotion are certainly praiseworthy. They have suffered untold miseries, but they nevertheless remain firmly anchored in the belief that their cause is just and will triumph. And thus, at every step one finds the proof that the war will never be ended by an enduring peace, until the entire race of men and women that originated it, and the cause that impelled them, are exterminated. A truce and a cessation of hostilities, and a promise of better fashions in the future, we may, indeed, wring from their hunger and nakedness, and that very soon. But a full meal of victuals in the rebel stomach, a new pair of shoes on the rebel feet, and a new suit of clothes all round from northern manufacturers, and the war would be freshly opened, and with renewed vigor.—*Commonwealth.* H.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone the stays, and crib the babies. Yes, and hook the eyes, too.

Why is a fashionable lady like a ship? Because her rigging costs more than the hulk is worth.